I am determined to prooue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe daies:
Plots haue I laid inductious dangerous,
By drunken Propheſies, libels and dreames,
To ſet my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one againſt the other.
And if King Edward be as true and iuſt,
As I am ſubtile, falſe, and trecherous:
This day ſhould Clarence cloſely be mewed vp,
About a Prophecy which ſaies that G.
Of Edwards heires the murtherers ſhall be.
Dine thoughts downe to my ſoule, *Enter Clarence with a gard of men.*
Heere Clarence comes,
Brother, good dayes, what meanes this armed gard
That waites vpon your grace?

Clar. His Maieſty tendering my perſons ſafety hath appointed
This conduct to conuay me to the tower.

Glo. Vpon what cauſe?

Cla. Becauſe my name is George.

Glo. Alacke my Lord that fault is none of yours,
He ſhould for that commit your Godfathers:
O belike his Maieſty hath ſome intent
That you ſhalbe new chriſtened in the Tower.
But vvhats the matter Clarence may I know?

Cla. Yea Richard when I know; for I proteſt
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after Prophecies and dreames,
And from the croſſe-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And ſaies a wiſard told him that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
Theſe as I learne and ſuch like toies as theſe,
Haue moued his highnes to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that ſends you to the tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis ſhe,

That

That tempers him to this
Was it not ſhe and that g
Anthony Wooduile her
That made him ſend Lor
From whence this preſen
We are not ſafe Clarence

Cla. By heauen I think
But the Queenes kindred
That trudge betwixt the K
Heard ye not what an hu
Lord Haſtings was to her

Glo. Humbly complai
Got my Lord Chamberla
Ile tell you what, I thinke
If we will keepe in fauour
To be her men and weare
The iealous oreworne wi
Since that our brother du
Are mighty goſsips in thi

Bro. I beſeech your Gr
His Maieſty hath ſtreight
That no man ſhall haue p
Of what degree ſoeuer wi

Glo. Euen ſo and pleaſe
You may pertake of any t
We ſpeake no treaſon ma
Is wiſe and vertuous, and
Well ſtroke in yeres, fair
We ſay that Shores wife h
A cherry lippe, a bonny ei
And that the Queenes kin
How ſay you ſir, can you

Bro. With this (my Lor

Glo. Naught to do with
He that doth naught with
Were beſt he doe it ſecret

Bro. I beſeech your Gra
Your conference with the